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ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1892.

[ONE PENNY.]



MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

"All hands to the pumps!" is now Poor Pa's motto, and all hands are working the pumps with a vengeance, so doubtless this year's 'CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS,' published on Monday, December 5th, will be the record Number of the age. Even Evelina and Alexandry are united once more. Probably, threats of breach of promise have had something to do with this; at any rate, the poor girl is being made good use of. Papa has gone quite cracked over a delightful 'Serpentine Dance,' composed specially for his Christmas Number by Leopold Wenzel, and Evelina, to please him, bruises and bumps herself daily."—TOOTSIE.

DEGREES OF ACCEPTANCE (MATRIMONIAL).



Positive—"Yes!"



Comparative—"Ye-es!!!"



Superlative—"Yus!!!"

YELLOW STARCH.

"ONE of the most monstrous episodes of the corrupt reign of James I.," says an historian, "was the terrible means by which Sir Thomas Overbury, who had exerted his influence to prevent the marriage of the Earl of Somerset with Lady Essex, was first, by the contrivance of the unprincipled person whom he had made his enemy, thrown into the Tower; and soon after taken off by poison administered by her means, and with the privity of her husband."

This Lady Essex, we read, "owed much of the depravity of her disposition to the pernicious lessons of Mrs. Turner," her dependent and companion. The beauty of this woman and her connection with the mysterious murder of Overbury have surrounded her name with a sort of romance in the annals of crime. She left her ladyship's service and married a physician; but, owing to their "extravagant and riotous living," was, on her husband's death, very glad to go back again.

Sir Thomas Overbury was found dead in the Tower from, it was said, some infectious disease, and was hastily buried. Though it was strongly suspected at the time there had been foul play, the matter was passed over without any investigation, and it was quite two years later that the murderers were charged with the crime. James I., at this time desiring to get rid of his favourite, the Earl of Somerset, then married to Lady Essex, caused a warrant to be issued against him and his wife and their accomplices—

Elwes, the Lieutenant of the Tower; Weston, a warder; Mrs. Turner, and Franklin, an apothecary. It appeared that the Countess of Somerset had frequently consulted one Simon Forman, a dealer in love-philtres, who, however, died before the trial came on, and what his share in the business was is not known. Mrs. Turner procured the poison from Franklin, and Weston, with the connivance of the lieutenant, administered it. It consisted of "aquafortis, white arsenic, mercury, powder of diamonds, lapis cortitus, great spiders and cantharides." The poisoning was deliberately performed. Arsenic was mixed with his salt. Once he desired a sucking-pig for dinner, and Mrs. Turner put lapis cortitus into it. At another time he had a partridge, and in the sauce cantharides was used instead of pepper; in fact, there was poison in everything he took, but Franklin asserted that he was smothered to death, and not poisoned. The guilt of all was established, and with the exception of the promoters of the crime (the Somersets), all were hanged. The Earl and Countess were for some years imprisoned in the Tower, and then set at liberty. Their partial pardon seems to have been extorted from the King, who dreaded the revelation from his favourite of some discreditable secret.

Mrs. Turner, as we have said, was a woman of great beauty, and had much affected the fashion of the day. When Lord Chief Justice Coke pronounced sentence of death upon her, he said that "as she was the first inventress and wearer of yellow starched ruffs and cuffs, so he hoped she would be the last that wore them, and for that purpose, strictly charged she should be hanged in that garb, that the fashion might end in shame and detestation"—a somewhat foolish sentence which was carried out with the additional brutality of the hangman dying his hands yellow and wearing yellow cuffs.

The execution attracted a great crowd to Tyburn, and many ladies and gentlemen of quality in their coaches. Mrs. Turner's face was highly rouged, and she wore a cobweb-lawn ruff, yellow starched. Her hands were bound by a black silk ribbon, as she desired, and a black veil was pulled down over her face. Then the cart was driven away, and she left hanging, "in whom there was no motion at all perceived."

After that day yellow starch fell out of fashion.

THE PIRAIT ISS LARE. A TAIL OFF TERRER.

Mem.—billum sai itt shoob bee spelled lair. ce iss a tyre. butt i av no time fore trifullin att this moment, ann i beleif billium, pore boi, iss a corse. meenwhile, the ole gal iss raigin for mi gore ann a lungin att mee ann thee phrogg with er rumbereller. thee phrogg as foun a uole to ide, an ass baisy dessert iss ole frend. . . . durti sneek.

(Next week, "A Penny Show.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Thanks for "tater," E. M. STEADMAN, *It's been very much admired. Frequent little nips, F. MILTON, And the Wreck at last inspired. 'Twould entail an endless bother. Better let them go, T. REECE. Thanks for information, JUDEX, He's a justice of the peace. Sorry, FRED, your little sketches will not be of any use. What's it matter, ANXIOUS ANNIE, Give a commonplace excuse. Quite inimitable, BERTIE. Try your hand at pen and ink; SLOPER's fist is groggy, TIMON, All the dread result of drink. Thanks for cutting, NEW SOUTH WALE, Glad you like your weekly laugh. Very sorry, CLIFFORD HALDEN, But we can't increase the staff. Sorry's far too long, MISS LOUIE, And we've little space to spare. Thanks for relic, ARTHUR NOLAN, We presume it's very rare. Any time you're passing, CHUMMIE, Call and see the wondrous works. It's a public duty, JANGLE, One that ALLY never shirks.*

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

ONE of our readers, who recently purchased some goods on the hire system, has written to us to say that, considering the trouble and annoyance caused by the arrangement, it would be more correct to dispense with the aspirate, and call it the ire system. Having a rooted antipathy to bloodshed, we refrain from publishing his address.

Dora. Why, Mabel, whatever is the matter? What on earth induced you to quarrel with Charlie Goodfellow? I always thought you were trying to hook him.

Florry. So I was, on the understanding that he was an eligible parti though; but last night he had the audacity to ask me whether I could cook, and hint at the advantages of love in a cottage. You know what it means when a man talks like that. Upon my word it's too annoying. Shall I never capture a big fish?

THERE are some worthy folks, who're so terribly dense, That their anger you're apt to provoke— If you ask when they sit on the end of a pin, If they can't see the point of the joke!

Eminent Physician. You are suffering from extreme nervous irritation. Have you anything on your mind?

Patient (glancing furtively round the room). N-n-no.

Eminent Physician. Are you sure? Come, now; what are you thinking about at this moment?

Patient. I was thinking how much I should have to pay you for this five minutes' conversation.

It's a strange thing how fashions change so quickly. Last year Johnson, of our local *Bon Marche*, invested quite a fortune in 10-inch Tucker edgings, and now the only way the poor man can keep himself from bankruptcy is by selling off the whole stock at ruinous prices for pantomime ballet-skirts.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 448.—The "Eight Hours' Maid Servant" Costume.



He. Sain promised to send my bicycling breeches home yesterday, and they haven't come yet. What do you call that?
She. Breeches of Promise.



"Tut, tut, Swizzle! Drunk again to-day."
"Schush me, shir, I schorn inshinnashun."
—(hic). "Ish preshlishy shame drunk I 'ad on me"—(hic). "yesh, d'v."



Sticker. I am thoroughly disgusted with Art. No one seems to appreciate me. I've half a mind to throw the brushes away.
Grogsher. Don't do that! You may eventually get a job at fence painting.



THE SLOPER EGG CUP.
THE PRESENT OF THE SEASON.
To be obtained of any but respectable tradesmen.



ZOO-ILLOGICAL STUDIES.
The Jelfon constructor.

"MABEL," he said, hesitatingly, striking his breast in approved dramatic fashion, "I have a feeling here which—er—I have a feeling here which a feeling here—" "Poor fellow," she interrupted, sympathisingly. "I'm so sorry; you really should be more careful what you eat. Why don't you go and ask mamma to give you a little peppermint?" And once again a long intended avowal was postponed.

At Hampton Court Palace.

Mrs. Y. Doodle. And which is the portrait of Cardinal Wolsey? The one over the mantelpiece, I mean.

Attendant. The mantelpiece has been taken away, madam, but that is the painting.

Mrs. Y. Doodle. Oh, lor', that thing! Say, haven't you anything more modern?—a photograph, for instance?

Youthful Stranger. He was photographed last week, m'm, but they ain't for sale yet.

Mrs. Y. Doodle. Thank you, sir; you're real polite. I guess I'll have one when they're out.

"THE pale moon hides," the poet said.

My mind's resolved; the time will suit it.

No sonnet will I write this night,

But pack my blooming traps and shoot it.

CAREFUL observation has firmly convinced us that nursemaids, as a class, prefer their military admirers to be members of the Horse Guards. This is not surprising, for they're fine strapping fellows, certainly, but it would be more appropriate if they looked a little more kindly upon the infantry.

Mistress (just returned from the seaside). Where's the policeman who was courting you, cook? I never see him about now.

Cook. No, mum; he's married.

Mistress. Oh! who did he marry?

Cook. Me, mum.

WHEN you see the lamp-posts covered with gutta-percha wrapped in cotton wool, and when the curb stones are neatly incased in straw, and when all the pavement from Sloper Hall to the Blue Pig is thick with the highest-priced sawdust, then you may be sure that the County Council is on the job, and is making things as comfortable as they can for SLOPER, before the Christmas boozing season begins.

SCENE—Country House.

Visitor (anxious to please). I do wish you'd play me something, Mrs. Marchant. I heard you practising this morning before breakfast, as I was dressing; most delightful it was I assure you. I do so dote on classical music.

Young Hostess. I practising before breakfast? Why, Mr. Duffin, that was the gardener cutting the lawn in front of the drawing-room.

THERE'S nothing like presence of mind, and the good young man who when caught on his knees pouring out his passion before the blushing object of his affections can convince the intruders that he was only teaching her a new method of crying forfeits, should be awarded the very largest item of confectionery in the whole bakery.

Wife. But, John, I—er—surely you're not going to the theatre with me in that unshaven condition!

Husband. Certainly not, my dear. But I didn't want the trouble twice over, so I thought I'd leave it until you'd finished dressing.

Rudolpho. So, so, fair gyrl, I have thee now, ha! ha!

Cecily. Un'and me ruffian, or I'll call me par.

Rudolpho. Nay, stow your jaw, in vain for 'im you screeches,

I've bin and sneaked his only pair of breeches.

(Extract from "The Banditt's Vengeance; or, The Mysterious Savoley and The Horrors of a Sausage Factory."—A new and original melodrama by Alexandry Sloper.)—Scene XI., Act XXI.

"THAT'S what I call coming to the point at once," as the duellist coolly remarked, when his adversary fell forward upon his rapier, and so terminated the encounter before it had well begun.

Townsmen. And that is the statue of the ex-mayor.

Visitor. Pity it's so large. 'Twould have looked better life-size.

Townsmen. It is life-size; at least, it's the size he thought he was when he was on the bench.

HE has been at it again, and when on the editorial job, too! Poor Ally! he was heard shouting out the other night that he hoped they wouldn't put any mustard on him, for it gave him what for too dreadful. It appears that he had fallen fast asleep, after an extra brace of cold Irishes, and covered himself over with the proof sheets of *The World We'll Spank in the Eye* Christmas Number. He woke up and thought that he was a ham sandwich.

Husband. Well, what sort of a sermon was it?

Wife. A capital one, dear—about the vanity of extravagance in dress, and giving way to bad temper and sullenness, and all that sort of thing. I do wish you'd been there.

Husband. Why, I didn't know the rector was a married man.

OUR Office Lunatic says that fishy transactions are not confined to the Stock Exchange and City: there's an awful lot of this sort of thing goes on daily at Billingsgate.

Wife. I really think, my dear, they're about the happiest married couple I know; positively, he never leaves her.

Hubby. Conclusive proof of his attachment, eh, my dear! see it?—love, ha! ha!

MCGOOSELEY has been saying unkind things about the Eminent. He insinuates that the latter is so fond of booze that if they buried him in the family vault with a bottle of "Unsweetened" under one arm, and an Irish under the other, he'd be getting up in the middle of the night and awakening all his blessed ancestors to borrow a corkscrew and a chunk of lemon peel.

Timid Lover. Sir, I—er—I am—er—I'm an—ardent suitor for ma, for your daughter's hand.

Stern Parent. That's all right, young man; but what's more to the point is, are you a cheque suitor, eh? [Result unsatisfactory.]

IN times of yore Euterpe fair

The lyre was wont to play.

The fashion spread: how many folks

Now play the liar to-day?

LORD BOB arrives at Mildew Hall just as the Eminent is giving the dustman a tumblerful of port wine, and when the odorous one has taken his departure, observes, "I should think that it would be very much better to have given that man twopenny, Mr. SLOPER." With mingled pity and contempt, ALLY replies, "That's because you don't know, Bob. I get the bally wine on tick, but tuppences ain't so blooming plentiful in these hard-up days."

Awful Child. May I look at your tongue, Mrs. Gabler?

Mrs. G. (the local gossip). Dear me, child, whatever for! no one's been teaching you to play at being doctor, have they?

Awful Child. Oh, no! but pa said, when he saw you arrive, "Here comes that old scandal-monger with the longest tongue in the parish," and I thought I'd like to see it, that's all.

TOOTSIE'S ARTHUR.

At the Theatre Royal (otherwise occasionally alluded to as the Prince of Wales's), Arthur Roberts is just now carrying all before him. For some years past there has been abroad a number of amiable



The Duchess of Duffshire: MARIA DAVIS.

The Duke of Duffshire: ERIC LEWIS.

Quixotic gentlemen who have struggled long and hard to uphold the dignity of the profession. So well have they worked, too, that we outsiders are perfectly convinced that the atmosphere "behind the scenes" is purer than that of any mothers' meeting or Sunday School teachers' tea. There are no leading ladies who ever figure in the divorce court. All male actors off the stage are serious, steady-going—nay, plodding, married men, who bring things home from the stores in neatly-tied brown paper parcels, and plant kidney beans in the back garden, or perform feats of strength and do-deeds of daring with roller and hose. All the chorus-girls go home to tea to their mothers, and supper, too, of course. Why, I myself can vouch for the rigid morals of Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, S.E. I have ridden in the last "bus, or "boat," as it was called by some of the "front" and "second rows." Quite motherly souls, who have chatted of their day's washing or their Sunday dinner, and it was, "Lor', now that's funny, all three of us got roast pork!"

The good dramatic critics, too. Who ever heard of a dramatic critic who led an immoral life? Nonsense! Why, the other dramatic critics would slay him dead. Not as Archer did the harmless dramatist the other day, but in real, solemn earnest. However, the thing is so impossible, it is waste of time to talk of it.

Then again, the "organs" of the profession. Possibly, now and again we may come across in one of them a "par," headed "An Actress in Trouble;" but this too much gin and water episode usually is found to have occurred in the life of a Tottie or Lottie, with whose name the play-going public is unfamiliar, and as likely as not the manager of the theatre she names writes an indignant letter denying all knowledge of her.

Well, in the face of all this, Arthur Roberts engineers a piece at the P. of W's, wherein the foibles and failings of the profession are actually held up to ridicule, and, of course, grossly exaggerated. The behind the scenes of a theatre is represented where actually swells from outside are permitted to assemble and to gallivant. Just because the whole thing is so wildly unlike what is, the Prince of Wales's Theatre is crowded every night and the audience screams with laughter.

I don't think I have ever seen my Arthur to such advantage. He is simply killing. I am not a little glad to find that the press generally at last allows there is something funny about Arthur. Time was when this was not so. It is not now a very safe thing to tell a would-be comic actor that Arthur makes you laugh. That dear old dodderer, the Book Snook, who, except when on oath, may generally be believed, tells me that of all the comic actors he has seen in his time, there has never been one to touch Arthur Roberts. The Adelphi Wright was a bit heavy, as were also Buckstone and Keeley. Compton and Harley were dry—too dry, indeed, like up-to-date champagne. Arthur is a light low comedian, and his style unique, irrepressible and overwhelming. I don't believe there is any living comedian who would feel quite at home if playing in the same piece with Arthur.

In *Ton* is a big lark you ought to go and see. Although Arthur is, as it were, the beginning, middle and end of the entertainment, there are some most popular favourites helping him, and they do good work, too. Florence St. John sings charmingly, and Phyllis Broughton "with 'em on"—dressed as a boy I mean—is delightful. Sylvia Grey's dances are, as usual, very graceful and clever.

There are also a crowd of clever ladies who help to make the piece a success. I must not, either, pass over Bantock's comic curate and Grattan as the manager of the Caravan Hotel, a most able impersonation or Eric Lewis's Duke of Duffshire, who regrets that the noble rank he holds compels him, when he has an inclination to be gay, to patronize only Henry Irving or an oratorio, and who declares that from the fashionable road he wants



Phyllis Broughton.

Rev. Samuel Hopkins: E. BANTOCK.

to turn, and he feels a secret hunger to become a costermonger and taken girl to Hampstead for the day. "Wot cher!" that is what he always wants to say. Maria Davis, as the Duchess, is also very good.

RATIONAL DRESS AT LAST.

[A number of young ladies in Nottingham have adopted short dresses for walking in muddy weather.]

"THERE are scavengers paid to carry away From our thoroughfares sludge and dirt, So why should we girls do their business, pray, Each with her trailing skirt? We are shrewd young things, we are nowise green, And no longer we'll earn renown By keeping the streets with our clothing clean," Said the Girls of Nottingham Town.

"We are vigorous sticklers for hygiene, And we keep our persons, by dint Of unwearying labour and care, as clean As a coin that's new from the mint. Yet how can our squeamishness do us good, If, from journeying up and down, We bring home big skirtsful of mire and mud?" Said the Girls of Nottingham Town.

So the Nottingham ladies in council met, And did wisely and well assert That their dresses cut shorter they'd thenceforth get, And discard the scavenging skirt. It was bravely said. And we trust, indeed, All the sex, from the peeress down To the labourer's wife, will follow the lead Of the Girls of Nottingham Town.

THE NAUGHTY-BIOGRAPHY OF ALLY SLOPER.

(Written by himself, with passing observations and footnotes by his friends and relations.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MRS. SLOPER AT HOME.

THOUGH the world may not think so, Mrs. Sloper is a distinctly society woman; but then, of course, she has rehearsed the part. Never shall I forget her first "At Home." I think I see that charming woman now, seated on an inverted flower-pot in the front area, with a fan in one hand and a back number of the *London Journal* in the other, steadily studying the manners and customs of the dukes and marquises; but then, I am of a social turn myself.

(There ain't exactly no matter of doubt about that. To see the Old Man turning on his heel and knocking a chunk out of the granite kerb with that old thinking-pot of his, after having a set-to at the Blue Pig, knocks the Macs into fits, with Albert Chevalier to spare.—MCG.)

I think that it was Miss Sloper who first issued the now famous afternoon tea card—"Mrs. Sloper at home 5 P.M.; cold crumpets and music to follow." That woman is a marvel. Again, at a picnic, where has her equal ever been seen? Always full of good-humour, the bumping of the shortest trotting Jerusalem pony, the accidental falling into a most withered furze bush, have never been known to disconcert her. For my part I love a picnic; there is something soothing in it. I love to see the flowers and to hear the sweet song of the birds.

(He does love the song of the birds, the Old Man does. He needn't have got so bad, though, at Epping Forest this year, when he was seen cheerying the crows about with a fish-basket in one hand, because he thought they were chunks of coal, and he was going to gather 'em and take 'em home to light the kitchen fire with.—IKY MO.)

Mrs. Sloper has the real tone of society about her. That excellent woman would make a palace out of a cab-shelter, or a ballroom of a bathing-machine. When we entertained last year the Dook Snook and his friends, never shall I forget the sweet way she made music for the mazy dance. The usual comb not being forthcoming, by the aid of a piece of tissue paper and the backbone of the common or garden one-eyed pheasant or bloater of commerce, she played a waltz that would make Dan Godfrey cut up his new spectacles for spring salad.

Mrs. Sloper is a judge of music. (Well, if you call snoring like a prize pig with the asthma and hiccupping like knocking on the kitchen door with a pair of pottens music, she ought to be a judge of it by this time.—MCG.)

In other respects, besides this charming accomplishment, Mrs. Sloper shows that she was born to adorn the circles of the highest ton. The way that charming woman can pose herself on the drawing-room fauteuil is, indeed, a marvel.

(Yes, Ma is graceful. Still, it's a pity she's so forgetful. Really, the other afternoon at afternoon tea, when she sat down on the arm-chair with my new scissors in her pocket, she did really create rather more of a sensation than one could altogether wish for.—TOOTSIE.)

(To be continued next week.)

THE MISSING ONE.

THERE are lots of men about who'll gladly give Their last sixpence to a sad and suffering brother; There are men around who'll comfortably live With their wife's irritating, grumpy mother.

There are men around who never told a lie, And men who never shock good Mrs. Grundy; There are men who always pay for what they buy, And men who always go to church on Sunday.

There are men about who kindly treat their wives; There are happy men with faces wreathed in sniggers; There are men who gladly sacrifice their lives In trying to convert and teach the niggers.

There are men who never have a drop too much; There are saintly men too humble to be haughty; There are men, too, who tobacco never touch, And men who never use a word that's naughty.

There are men who will refuse to take a tip, And editors who do not deal in libels; There are drivers who don't over-use the whip, And men who never fail to read their Bibles.

I thoroughly believe in man, and spurn All those who as "a bad lot" represent him; But I never met a man who would return An umbrella an obliging friend had lent him.

HIS REASON.

"My dear chap," said Spacer of the *Hour before the Dawn*, "you'd be as welcome as the flowers in May at my little place on this dashed Christmas, but for the fact that my wife always asks my mother-in-law to spend her holiday with us, and I'm sure you wouldn't care for her."

"No. But tell me, Sonnie, why in heaven's name do you ask the old woman? It's queer taste of yours, isn't it?"

"Oh, I dunno: it's diplomacy. You see, my boy, I've been married twice. Second wife's mother is dead: the old girl's the mother of my first wife. Second wife hates her as the devil hates holy-water; always tries to appear at her best when the old lady's present, just to show how superior she is to the first wife; smiles like a blooming angel, although I have the place crammed with all the old Fleet Street boozers she abominates. If the old tart wasn't there we shouldn't have any bowl of punch, and—Old Year out (out goes jorum No. 1—empty, you bet), and New Year in (in comes bowl No. 2—full)—and that sort of thing is just the cut of your truly! Of course, there's a deuce of a row in the bedroom; but, when I've got that second bowl well across my chest, I could face fifty thousand of the Amazons of Dahomey!"

A TALE OF THE MUTINY.

THEY were captive. The man groined: the woman shook like an aspen. He groined—he who had faced death with a smile times and oft. Worse than death was in store for them now. It was not for himself he groined, but for her—his child.

And the fierce eyes of the Sepoys flashed in the glare of their torches, as with shrill cries and frantic clamour they led the pinioned captives barefooted, torn, haggard and bleeding to their chief. Execration and obscenity filled the air as the rabble pressed on, leaping, running, falling and scrambling, in their midst the man of iron countenance, who had been their scourge, who was now their prey, their plaything, and at his side, limping over the rough and thorny jungle path, his daughter.



Led the captives to their chief.

One of the hated Feringhi woman-kind—of those who had but a while ago ruled as lords in the land, who had but to command let it be done and it was done, who regarded the native with eyes and lips that spoke mute scorn—a girl, with fair skin, cheeks of oyster pinkness, eyes good to look upon for all; they were now red with weeping.

Again the frantic rabble, their black locks streaming wildly, and the spears clashing as they waved them, shrieked out that laugh so terrible to hear. Again they bowed in mock salaam to the fallen mighty; again smote them with open hands and spat upon them.

There was no question what their ultimate doom would be, but it was the thought of what lay between that filled the soul of the old veteran with horror.

To think of his child—his gentle, tender Edith, pure-minded and pure-souled as the driven snow, being at the mercy of these fiends;

for, during the mutiny, they had heard and seen much—alas! terribly too much—of what the rebels could devise by way of torture, indignity, abomination. Their minds seemed to have exhausted all the unnameable activity that, till now, the human mind had revolted from. And they two were powerless, captive bound hand and foot at their mercy.

They were brought before the Sepoy chief, a man who, all within a month ago, would have quailed at the general's power, who would have lowered his eyes when Edith Calkoun passed in the bazaar. Now he threw upon the old soldier a look of insolent, vindictive, cruel exultation. He was meditating what soul-harrowing humiliation he could inflict upon him.

The look he cast upon the girl was even worse. Then he bade his horde tie the old man to a tree.

"And kill him!" they clamoured.

"Kill him! Yes—but not yet; and then—not too quickly."

And he laughed softly.

They bound him accordingly to a mango-tree. He had prayed they would blindfold him, but no.

"Put out my eyes," he pleaded, and again they laughed.

"Truly, Sahib, the thing commanded shall be done. Your eyes shall be plucked from their sockets, but not until they have beheld the doom of the Memsahib."

Across the crowd of tawny, frenzy-distorted faces, father and daughter gazed upon each other. Oh, the dolor of that gaze!

Then, like a tethered lion, he struggles madly with his cords till they cut into his flesh, and he ceases, panting, exhausted, bleeding, while the cowards flout and buffet him.

Then he hears his Edith's voice.

"Father, do not fear."

From the bosom of her dress she has plucked a gleaming knife. Thank God! She raises it—but no; they are too fiendish even to let her escape by death. Her tender wrist is clutched and twisted. She screams with pain. Again the fiendish laugh rises, and then—dies, silenced by the rattle of a withering volley. Then there is a wild, British cheer. The Sepoys, such as have not fallen before that fire, flew like startled rabbits, but fall as they run before the aim of the British marksmen.

And young Dick Braydon, as he cuts the strings that bind his sweetheart and his future father-in-law, says—

"Just in time, Edie!"





"Kind sir, give me a penny to buy bread, I am so thirsty that I don't know where to sleep."



A SPLIT WINK.

No. 1. Did you see that gentleman wink at me?
No. 2. He winked at me, I think.
No. 3. No; at me!



"I don't think I shall go to the ball next week, dear. At present only George has offered to accompany me, and you know what a bore it is going with one's husband!"—
Extract from Letter of Young Lady.



Parent. You will know some day, Tommy, punishing you pains me more than it does you.
[But Tommy was a Scptie.]

Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 262.—MISS JOE VAN.

"What words, what language, can describe my passion?"
—The Dook Snook.
"Had I ten thousand hearts she'd steal them all." —Lord Bob.
"She numbers me among her hapless victims." —The Hon Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.



"Dear, dear," said A. SLOPER last Saturday as ever was, "to-day is his eighty-seventh birthday! I'll run over and interview the young fellow. Mother, a clean collar and a toothbrush: it don't matter whose. Alexandry's is as new, let's have that." "Oh, lor!" said Mrs. S., "how you do hurry! It ain't come home from the wash and I gave Alex's toothbrush to Evelina only yesterday to clean the plate with." "Can't be helped," said the philosophical Friend of Man. "Perhaps there's a nailbrush in the house; it will be a mouthful, but no matter. As to my collar, I'll turn the one I have on."—(1) Mrs. Sloper having tittivated him up he took his departure. In the road was Jubilee making canals (it had been raining all night) with a stick of firewood. "That boy will make a name as a canal engineer, some day," said A. SLOPER, with a paternal smile. "I must speak to Lesseps about him."—(2) "Adieu, dear Father," cried Jubilee, embracing his parent's knees, "may Providence temper the blast, and smooth the rolling sea that bears on its heaving bosom the good ship that carries you to a foreign shore!" "This is affect-

ing!" said A. SLOPER, brushing away a tear; then gently freeing himself with a well-directed back-hander, he again started on his way, unconscious of the fact that he was carrying into France a fair specimen of English soil (Battersea make) on his nether garments.—(3) "O, mon Dieu!" cried a fair Parisienne, as A. SLOPER brushed past her, whisking her dress aside. "Does she think I come from Hamburg?" said he.—(4) But when he discovered the cause he got a *conceit*, who was sweeping a doorstep, to brush him down. "Ah, mon chère SLOPER, how do you do?" cried M. Lesseps. "And you have come to interview me? So!" "Exactly, you do?" "Now, I see," said A. SLOPER, who had posted himself up, "that in the year '52 it was proposed that a canal—'A canal!' cried M. Lesseps. "ah, a can of grog you shall have, and what you call 'blo' Suez-Panama-proof! Come, we do not get you every day. We will go out, have dinner, champagne, theatre, larks! Booms-ra-ra-ta-de-ay!"—(5) And the impetuous youth seized his hat and A. SLOPER's arm, and away went the light-hearted boys to enjoy themselves.

MORE TEMPESTUOUSNESS.



(1) A mountain torrent broke loose over the dear Elder's cot the other day.



(2) And as he oozed out of the lum he said, "Bilistered oyster-shells and pickled crabs, this is nice."



(3) And continued, "This is about the driest place in the house this day."

ALLY-CAMPANE.



THE excitement consequent upon the approaching publication of that world-famous twopennyworth, "ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS," continues to increase. To say that Shoe Lane is in disorder, and "The Sloperies" in a state of chaos, is to put it mildly indeed, whilst language utterly fails to convey any idea of the thrilling anxiety with which the issue of this absolutely stupendous number is awaited by the inhabitants of every quarter of the globe. Meanwhile, by the aid of advance proof-sheets, the leading Members of the Government have been afforded an opportunity of gathering some faint idea of the general aspect and contents of this literary masterpiece, and the comments of the various Ministers continue to arrive daily. Mr. Gladstone has sent us a postcard to the effect that, in his opinion, "the undoubted worth of the 'CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS' will very favourably affect the vexed question of Home Rule for Ireland;" the Postmaster General says that "the millions transmitted through the post cannot but benefit the Department of State he has the honour to control;" Lord Rosebery believes "that the hundred pictures and cartoon and gratis plate cannot but prove of material service to him in the administration of Foreign Affairs;" whilst Lord Ribblesdale thinks "that Tootsie's 'Serpentine Dance,' by Leopold Wenzel, is one of the strongest arguments he has heard in favour of the abolition of Her Majesty's Buckhounds." With such a consensus of opinion, what Briton can look forward unmoved to December 5th, the day on which this most gigantic publication will be given to the world?

THE following is a copy of the receipt signed by the Misses Anderson, of Rowan Cottage, Barry, by Carnoustie, to whom we paid £150 in settlement of a claim against "ALLY SLOPER'S Railway Insurance," as announced in last week's "HALF-HOLIDAY":—"Nov. 19th, 1892.—Received from ALLY SLOPER the sum of One Hundred and Fifty Pounds, on the death of our brother, James Anderson, in accordance with the terms of 'ALLY SLOPER'S Free Railway Accident Life Insurance.'"

WE are again in the midst of the dancing season, and loveliness is happy—happy at the thoughts of the conquests she will make and the many hearts she will probably break. Woman is a strange creature—so gentle and yet so cruel. She is a problem which some of our cleverest men have come to grief over, and which many more will endeavour to solve, with the same result. Take a woman at a ball. There she stands, cold, heartless and careless; flirting with one, teasing another, and coquetting with a third. But look at her at home, hanging, perhaps, over the bed of her sick child. What a difference is here. So kind, thoughtful and untiring in her efforts to soothe the little one. Yes, woman, thou art truly a contradictory being.

'Twas the evening of the 10th, and all Fleet Street was wrapped in one of those patent lung-tickling throat-provoking fogs for which November is so famed. Fog crept up one's nostrils, down one's throat, and even into one's whisky. Fog, in fact, prevailed everywhere, or nearly so. We make, however, one exception, viz., the large concert hall attached to Anderson's Hotel. A scene of dazzling light here met the view, together with an array of whisky bottles which would have made the heart of even a McGooseley palpitate in his bosom. The occasion was a capital smoking concert, given by sundry press representatives to their friends, and right well did the latter gentlemen respond to the call. The gathering of the Scottish clans was not in it with them. At about 8 p.m. whisky shifting began in earnest, with excellent songs and recitations thrown in at frequent intervals just to relieve the monotony of drinking. As the small hours approached the audience began to disappear, some under the table and the rest to their respective homes. Surprising as it may appear, it is, nevertheless, a fact that among the latter were to be found the whisky-laden forms of Mr. Secretary Anning, together with his genial lieutenant, Mr. W. Gould. Truly wonders will never cease.

VISITORS to the Haymarket Theatre will be indeed ill-advised to miss Mr. Charles Brookfield's sprightly and clever little farce, *The Burglar and the Judge*, which at 8 of the clock precedes Mr. Edward Rose's *Agatha Tylden*.



legal luminary placed for once completely in the power of a man who takes full advantage of this chance turning of the tables. The diverting trifle will more than repay the early comer, and will put him in thorough good humour for the enjoyment of the more serious item of the programme.

WITH a speed resembling that of forked lightning has the Ancient Old Wool-Gatherer been scudding round London on the look-out for some music-hall worthy of a passing note from his pen. He has found one at last. The Metropolitan, in the Edgware Road, is as good as they can possibly make 'em in London, and quite comes up to the Eminent's idea of an ideal music-hall. Henri Clark is a splendid caterer, and is as knowing a card as ALLY himself. The names of Marie Lloyd, Charles Coborn, J. W. Hanson and Millie Hylton, alone guarantee a good entertainment.

TOOTSIE wishes to draw special attention to a Complimentary *Matinée* and Evening Benefit, which will be given on December 2nd in the Brighton Aquarium Theatre to Mr. Reginald Sumner, F.O.S. Through ill-health, Reggie is retiring from the post of Manager and Secretary, which he has held and efficiently filled for many years past at the Aquarium. The list of artistes who have promised their services is strong enough to make you sneeze. Everyone will be there. You must go. Mr. E. Patner, 35 East Street, Brighton, the hon. sec., has the tickets all ready, so hurry up, please.

THE Mouldy Maestro has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon EUGENE OUDIN, because he's an eminent tenor. "Feyther," warbled the Blue-Orbed Chorister, "this is, indeed, a case of virtue rewarded. You Oudin't believe what pleasure you have given me in making so capital a selection." For a moment the Old Man stared at his azure-eyed offspring in wonderment. But when the appalling atrocity of the pun at length dawned upon his brain the wretched boy paid dearly for his audacity.

PROFESSOR WM. PRITCHARD, F.O.S., the most eminent Veterinary Surgeon in England, has just presented Alexandry with a fiery mustang. In some people's minds, a doubt exists as to whether the early life of this noble steed was spent in a circus or in the black line. It doesn't trouble Alec which.

GOOD old Paul Meritt, F.O.S., has been up at Ben Rhydding again, *reducing of 'is weight*, as Aunt Geeser puts it, and *a-composing of 'is plays*.

A *Daily News* correspondent, signing himself "Shanghai," has been filled with wonderment at the habits and eccentricities of the "Chappie." Having resided abroad the greater part of his life, he cannot, seemingly, understand why anyone in his senses can wear patent boots in muddy weather—weather which necessitates the turning up of the trousers. Poor "Shanghai"! we fear that before he has resided long in this country he will be considerably more astonished at the peculiarities of the harmless little animal in which he is evidently interested. Bless you, the trifling habit he mentions is nothing compared to many of a "deah boy's" little idiosyncracies. No one, indeed, who has not devoted much time and attention to the study of the creature can possibly arrive at anything like a correct estimate of its very numerous peculiarities.

LARDI LONGSOX tells us that members of the music-hall profession, in the most reverential way, are speaking of "Pouf-Là" as *The Thirty-Nine Articles*. Good old "Round Table Annual for 1893!" One shilling.

THEY certainly take time by the forelock in France, for arrangements are already being made for the Paris Exhibition of 1900. The Ancient has not yet been asked to oblige with the loan of the Relics, but, probably, negotiations have not yet reached so advanced a stage.

MCGOOSELEY says he heard it reported in a pub. in the Old Bailey on the morning Neil was hanged, that the prisoner, before leaving the condemned cell, asked for a box of chocolate *Creams* of foreign manufacture.

M. MAYER is to be congratulated on the success of his benefit *matinée*, held at the Alhambra on the afternoon of November 12th, as well as on the excellence of his programme. There were a good many vacant seats noticeable in the best part of the house, but this is to be accounted for by the dense fog which prevailed. Not that it affected the financial success of the benefit, as we understand every seat in the house had been booked and paid for. The entertainment in itself was all that could be desired. A song by Arthur Roberts, a monologue by Madame Chaumont, a recitation by Charles Warner, two songs by Kate James, and two scenes from the capital ballet, *Don Juan*, being among the chief and best items.

A LIVERPOOL gentleman, rejoicing in the name of Professor Le Couteur, is about to lecture on "Men embracing Women." It's not unlikely that A. SLOPER may run down to hear him. The subject certainly looks as if it were in A. SLOPER'S line.

WE have received from the firm of Raphael Tuck and Co. a choice and varied selection of Christmas cards and booklets, fully up to the high standard of excellence which this celebrated house has led us to expect. Intending purchasers cannot do better than pay an early visit to 72 Coleman Street, and inspect the numerous artistic novelties for themselves.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 3RD, 1892.

27th November, 1860.—This day Tom King beat Tommy Truckle in a well-contested fight, lasting one hour and ten minutes, on the Kentish Marshes. Miles says: "King is undoubtedly the finest made young fellow it has been our lot to behold for many a long day. He is, in our opinion, far finer and more symmetrical in frame than Heenan, not being so clumsily legged as the Yankee champion."

28th November, 1729.—Mr. Woolston this day received sentence on four informations preferred against him for blasphemy. He was fined £100, with one year's imprisonment, and ordered to find sureties of £4000 for his good behaviour during life. On his trial, Justice Raymond first declared Christianity to be a part of the law of England, and that a scurrilous mockery of its doctrines is a misdemeanour punishable by the common law.

29th November, 1880.—A violent storm occurred in Scotland this day. Houses were blown down in Glasgow and Kirkcaldy, and much damage done.

30th November, 1793.—William Lewis, of Llandisnau, died this day at Beaumaris, in the act of drinking a cup of Welsh ale, containing about a quart, called a *tumbler maur*. He weighed forty stone, and made it a rule, every morning of his life, to read so many chapters in the Bible, and in the evening to drink eight gallons of ale (!). It was calculated that in his lifetime he must have drunk a sufficient quantity to float a 74-gun ship. His size was astonishing. Although he died in his parlour, it was found necessary to construct a machine, in the form of a crane, to lift his body on a carriage, and afterwards to have the machine in the churchyard to lower him into the grave.

1st December, 1785.—According to the "Annual Register," from February to this date, the number of executions at the Old Bailey amounted to ninety-six.

2nd December, 1818.—Tom Moore, under this date, told a story about late hours. "The porter of the late Lord Jersey came to someone and complained that 'My lady was the latest woman in London.' 'Well, but what then?' All women of fashion are late. You can sleep afterwards.' 'Ah! no, sir, that's not all, for my lord is the earliest gentleman in London, and, between the two, I can't sleep at all.'" Moore adds to this a story of a man from the country visiting his friend in town, and both sleeping in the same bed without ever meeting for a fortnight.

3rd December, 1834.—Under this date, Raikes, speaking of the Duke of Gloucester, who died on November 20th, says:—"He was not a man of talent, as may be inferred from his nickname of 'Silly Billy,' but he was a quiet, inoffensive character, rather tenacious of the respect due to his rank."

FORTUNATE REVERSES.

A KINDLY fate his cause espouses
To whom reverses bring no shocks;
Who, building now a block of houses,
In childhood built a house of blocks.

ANOTHER IDOL SHATTERED.

THIS is an age of doubt, and we are a race of unbelievers. It was a cruel blow, certainly, when Ignatius Donnelly proved that crafty old Shakespeare scissored his plays out of the American newspapers, but that was as nothing to the idol that is now shivered into a thousand fragments. The beautiful story of Tell and the apple has got to go, for it appears that

- It wasn't an apple at all that Tell took aim at, it was a vegetable marrow.
- Tell couldn't have had a second arrow up his waistcoat, because he didn't wear a waistcoat. He had nothing on under his woollen combinations but a liver pad.
- As a matter of fact, he didn't have any arrow at all—he used a 44-calibre Smith and Wesson revolver, and—cartridge.
- He never even had a son, and was himself an orphan.
- He had seven shots for sixpence, and then couldn't hit the marrow at all. What he said to Gessler was not, "To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain by boy!" but "I'm no hand at this—the swinging bottles or Aunt Sally's clay pipe are more in my line."
- No such name as Tell appears in my Swiss Post Office Directory during the past two thousand years, thus proving that no such person as Bill ever existed.
- That the man who really *did* do a bit of sporting of this kind left the Canton stealthily in the middle of the night, as, with his third barrel, he killed a pig that was grubbing acorns in the next field, and was afraid he'd have to pay for it.
- That the whole thing was a got-up job, and a hoax upon the inhabitants. There was no more real enmity between Tell and Gessler than there is between a flea and a sheepdog—from the flea's point of view.
- As a matter of fact, Tell and Gessler were well-known advertising agents from Fleet Street, and simply got the whole thing up as a kind of preliminary puff for The Greatest Circus on Earth, which was about to visit Uri and Zug.

So, pained though we are to state it, you see the old tradition about bowing to the hat upon the pole—in point of fact, the whole blessed history which is so tastefully told in picture on the walls of that restaurant just by Hungerford Stairs in one vast, stupendous, blithering taradiddle—and don't you forget it!

LOVELY WOMAN'S ARTIFICE.

IT is no use denying the superiority of woman. Whenever a man concocts a shrewd scheme and makes it a success, all his fellow men applaud him, shake hands with him, pat him on the back and stand him drinks. There is a modesty about female ingenuity that prevents publicity, and all its attendant kudos. There is a sweet little woman in Cricklewood who would be a fortune either as an advance agent of a show, partner in a bank, or a manipulator in Throgmorton Street. She has been dabbling in betting lately. To most men betting is fatal, but it had no terrors for this little woman. There came, however, a black Monday (Monday is settling day, you know) when her "account" was on the wrong side of the ledger. She had to pay the bookmaker a tenner, but how she didn't know. Her husband believed her unsupported by the terrible turf.

As she sat demurely trimming a new hat that evening, with a sweet and purely domestic look of love in her pensive eyes, and her husband sat in dressing-gown and slippers grinning over the silent witticisms in the *Baptist Standard*, a bright idea struck her. She arose early next morning, and went down to a friend of hers in Kilburn. Her husband had a collie dog which he valued very highly. She took that dog with her, and just as she was coming away again, she said, "Oh, Edith, dear, I wish you'd let me have Scatshaker" (that was the dog's cognomen) "here."

"Certainly, dear."

"Dogs are such a nuisance shopping. If I don't get home in time to send for him this evening I wish you'd tie him up in your yard until to-morrow."

"With pleasure."

When Edwin reached home that evening, the first thing he heard was that "Scatshaker" was "lost."

"Great Scotswhahae!" he cried, "I wouldn't lose that dog for a hundred pounds. What shall I do?"

"If I were you, dear," the bad, designing little beauty remarked, "I'd advertise a reward of—say ten pounds. That would fetch him."

Next morning's *Telegraph* contained the advertisement. By eleven o'clock a boy had brought the dog back, got the £10, and little Mrs. W. squared her bookie and had two sovereigns on the winner of the first race.

THE TOP HAT-TITUDE OF PURITY.

(As stated by a contemporary that the white top hat is an emblem of purity.)



PUREST motives oft are shown by various strange and curious ways. But they always should be known by something that demands our praise.

According to an evening paper those who'd win C.C. renown, Or in the House would cut a caper, let them note what's here set down!

Namely—that, to prove their pureness (and we all approve of that),

They must don with all demureness evermore a white top hat! Therefore gents, and likewise ladies, please take notice of our block: Most revered of all men's Kadies (one which no one dares to mock) is more depicted—and the artist, by the drawing of the same, shows that he is of the smartest 'mong the many at his game. And the worshipping spectator will know, if he is not a flat, From either Pole to far Equator, only ONE could wear that hat.

A CHANCE HERO.

NATHANIEL K. STADGERS was miserable—thoroughly miserable. And no wonder. Fortune has not been kind to him. In fact, ever since his birth, the fickle jade had frowned so persistently upon him, turned so deaf an ear to all his efforts to win even the faintest of her smiles, that Nathaniel K., to adopt his own expressive, if somewhat inelegant, phraseology, had "got the complete hump." And it was disheartening. The few thousands left him under his father's will gone at a fell swoop through the failure of the Rocky Bank, and his medical career thus nipped in the bud. The desertion of his few friends, insults, rebuffs, and a long, dreary eight years' hand-to-mouth existence, and now, now—well, now it was all over. His little all had been invested on what a racing acquaintance had described as a "cert," and that "cert" had, at the last moment, developed chilblains on the hind legs, or some other ailment peculiar to its species, and crawled in absolutely nowhere, and ruin, represented by a huge pile of tradesmen's bills and his landlady's account for a quarter, stared Nathaniel K. Stadgers rudely in the face.

And N. K. S. shrank under the scrutiny. Sensitive and honourable to a degree, his situation was maddening; and as he wandered out that cold, frosty December afternoon, and walked far, far out into the country, dark, gloomy thoughts forced themselves unpleasantly upon his mind.

How cold it was, too! Ha! what was that? People skating! The ice bore at last, then! How bright, how joyous their voices sounded in the crisp frosty air! How happy they seemed, too! and he—he—hang it! why should he suffer any longer? Yes, he was determined he would end it all, and at once.

There was a man letting out skates. Nathaniel K. Stadgers lured a pair, and was soon gliding smoothly away towards an un-frequented part of the lake. The ice would be thin under the trees, and—well, people would think it an accident.

What's that? A "danger" board! Thank goodness, it would soon be over! But stay! someone is shouting. Hang it! they are trying to give him warning. He will pretend not to hear. But the shouting increases—grows louder, louder still. But the ice is now cracking all round, and, shutting his eyes, Nathaniel strikes out boldly.

A confused mixture of sounds—yells, shouts, the splintering of the ice, and, above all, a woman's despairing voice, fall upon his ear, and then crack, splash—the cold ice water swirling round him, and—eh, what's this?—a girl, a lovely girl beside him, drowning! Save her!—why, of course he will! if she will only hold him as he holds her. . . . "They are a long time with that ladder and rope!"

"Courage—here they come! How icy cold!" "Hold up! There—under the arms! So, now; and then—"

"And I tell you, young gentleman," concluded the rescued damsel's sire, as Nathaniel K. Stadgers, fortified by a hot bath and a good dinner, sat in the comfortable smoking-room of the mansion—"I tell you, young gentleman, that but for your noble, your intrepid heroism in at once skating to her rescue when you saw her fall in, my daughter would have without doubt have found a watery grave. I can never repay you, sir, never; but if her hand and a penny three thousand a year is even a faint reward I should be only too happy, provided, of course, Jessie raised no objection." And Jessie didn't.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 71.—DULCINEA KING.



ARMS and the maid I sing! What arms were those with which I ought to win Dulcinea King, The young, the fair, the rich! Such doughty arms I donned As Cupid (smarter smith Than Vulcan) forges for each fond

Young swain to battle with! Arms and the maid I sing— The maid whose form so fine I meekly prayed the maid to fling

Into these arms of mine. "From care and toil and pain These arms shall shield that form, As doorways shield, in times of rain, Policemen from the storm!"

Arms and the maid I sing! While from my chest I fetched Pathetic sighs, Dulcinea King Two arms towards me stretched.

And hugged me? Nay, not just! Arms and the maid no more

I'll sing: for, with a spiteful thrust, She flung me on the floor!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

HILLSIDE, FARINGDON, BERKSHIRE, November 15th, 1892. DEAR SIR,—As I suppose your present series of pictures will soon be coming to an end, it struck me that the inclosed petition from a love-lorn masquer might not be considered inappropriate.

Sloper, old man, 'tis really cruel To draw such charming misses, As those each week who you declare Have honoured you with kisses.

For though we're younger far than you We fail to gain such blisses, The beauteous maidens all refuse To let us taste their kisses.

Then either cease, old man, to draw Such beauteous tempting misses, Or teach us straight the charm to win Their luscious, lingering kisses.

Yours truly, ALAN G. HAINES.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 111.—HE ENRAGES HIS SWEETHEART BY HARBOURING SWEETHEARTS.

"SAY, Billyum, where the pater is?" Cried SLOPER's heir. And Higgins Replied, "The crafty craytur is Carousing in his diggins. November's chillness likes he not, It knocks him altogether; So bides he not, so strikes he not, But, 'scaping from the weather (The ices and the rimes of it, Its bleakness and its gloom), He's having high old times of it With sweethearts in his room!"

The spouse of Sir SLOPERIUS O'erheard the lad's remark, And serious, deleterious, Delirious, dull and dark Her look became, as, whimpering, She journeyed with a broom To where the Wreck sat smirking With sweethearts in his room.

When to his den she landed, she Looked round on every side, But, though with care she scanned it, she No females there espied. "False wretch!" she cried, pugnaciously, "Although your flames have fled, For treating them so graciously I'll break your ugly head!" And straight to Sir SLOPERIUS She gave "Ta-ra-ra, Boom!"

For mashing those mysterious Young sweethearts in his room. When for an hour the bones of him She banged with furious spite, She caught the plaintive tones of him—"My love, I'm guiltless quite! No female form I've seen to-day, Since in mine ingle nook For nine long hours I've been to-day Perusing this 'ere book—A book that makes me cheery, as No charmer e'er could do!" Then, then did Dame Sloperius Remorsefully boohoo— For he'd only (though, poor man, he well Had writhed beneath her broom) Been enjoying JUDY'S ANNUAL Called "SWEETHEARTS" in his room!

TWOPENCE.

Post free, Threepence.

READY MONDAY, DECEMBER 5th, ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

100

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"THE SLOPERIES," 99 SHOE LANE, LONDON, E.C.

THE BELLES.

OH, the crafty kitchen belles—brazen belles! What a world of indignation like a seidlitz powder swells In the heart of every "missis," As she learns that every servant Gives the Bobbies (whom she kisses With such admiration fervent)

Luscious wines and dainty viands. What a tale each "missis" tells Of the thieving and deceiving of the belles, belles, belles!

Oh, the husband-hunting belles—silver belles! Silver-laughtered, silver-toned and silver-haired (the poet tells Confidentally this latter).

How they simmer, gush and giggle, In what flattering terms they chatter To the males, and try to wriggle Off their shelves into the graces of the marriageable swells.

Oh, the rhino-rolling belles—golden belles! How ostensibly authentic is the passion that impels Many catiffs (fit for Hades) With the humblest genuflections To avow to rich young ladies

Their unquenchable affections. [hells, But they'll with those ladies' dowries, in their clubs and gambling, Play old Harry when they marry golden belles, belles, belles!]

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

THE first revolver ever known: Ixion on his wheel.

A-ROUND and a-cross: OX.

THE face SLOPER yearns to see on a Sunday morning: Boni-face.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

THE LADY ELFRIDA. (A STORY OF THE CRUSADERS.)

CHAPTER XI.

THE news soon spread that Sir Montmorency de Branegold had resolved to leave his native land to fight the Pagan in Arabia.

The intelligence was hailed with satisfaction by the churchmen, and a blessing was invoked on his arms. Nor was Sir Montmorency's example without its imitators. Sir Peter de Stroiville developed a holy ardour against the Pagan, and intimated that he would also join Sir Montmorency in the crusade. The fervour spread widely, until the flower of England's chivalry had assembled to fight under the Temple banner. The party were personally conducted by an agent of Cook's Excursions.



A mysterious rite.

Ere leaving British shores, each aspirant to the position of a Knight of the Temple was initiated by mysterious rites into the Order. A confession had to be made of the causes which had led to the aspirants determining to join the crusade, and it was found that out of four hundred and fifty-seven aspirants, three hundred and seventy-five gave as a reason unhappiness at home from incompatibility of temper and the difficulty of obtaining a divorce. The balance had failed to obtain a settlement with their creditors.

In modern days the arms of the Templars are generally believed to be a lamb bearing a banner over its shoulder, but this is entirely a misconception. The original was a lamb with a latchkey, symbolical of their determination to be free, and the quaint device can yet be seen plentifully besprinkled on the walls of the Temple in London, and it is also significant that most of the residents within the precincts of the classic pile are mostly bachelors, as were the Knights Templars of the latter part of the twelfth century.

It needs not that we should follow the adventures of Sir Montmorency de Branegold and the others in their defence of the Holy City. How they slew pagans, rescued maidens, took fever, and generally had a superior time, is matter for the historian, and not for a writer of "Select Library" matter. Most of the pioneer Templars—those who had been married—came home as soon as their wives died, and those who were less fortunate stayed for many years. Sir Montmorency de Branegold was among the latter. The Lady Elfrida was young and tough. She ruled the Castle of Branegold and the surrounding district with a rod of iron, and might have lived to a ripe old age. Unfortunately for herself, however, she had occasion to kick a minion downstairs one day, and forgot that she had that morning donned a tight skirt, a fashion that had newly come in. The result was that she did not have free play to her lower limbs; the kick came short of its aim, and she pitched downstairs after the minion with such force that she sustained fatal injuries.

She lingered long enough to mention that she forgave her father and husband, and her remains were planted in the neighbouring church, where her graven image still lies on her tomb.

Sir Montmorency hastened home as soon as he heard of his bereavement. He remained a widower till he died, and was looked on as a paragon of constancy to the memory of a loved wife.

The aged Baron de Torquville lived to see his son-in-law return an honoured warrior from the Holy Land, and spent many happy days and nights in his company. The Baron rarely made allusion to his daughter till the third bottle was reached, and then his emotions usually overcame him, and he and Sir Montmorency would mingle their grief.



Mingling their grief.

"She was a clever managing woman," the Baron would remark, with tears in his eyes, "but she was too good for this earth. She is better where she is. Pass the bottle."

THE END.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 283.—LORD MAYOR KNILL, F.O.S.

"In presenting the above portrait to his myriad readers, A. SLOPER has a double object in view. First and foremost, of course, comes the desire of pleasing his supporters; secondly, that of being on good terms with an individual who, by virtue of his position as Chief Magistrate, will during the ensuing twelve months be able to make things extremely sultry for the Totterizing Fabric, or let him down with that indulgent leniency which has ever characterized the minds of the truly great when dealing with the Week's playful and harmless little peculiarities. Far be it from us to suggest, however, even for one brief moment, that his worship would ever so far abuse his office as to allow personal feeling in any way to interfere with the due and proper administration of justice; but, at the same time, we must add that there are occasions when a little friendly feeling between the gentleman in the dock and the man on the bench is a most distinct and palpable advantage, calculated not only to weaken the evidence of the most imaginative peeler, but to justify England's boast that her justice is tempered with the quality of mercy. And now, as to another matter. As our readers are aware, it is our almost invariable custom to append a short but accurate biography of the individuals whom we honour with a place in our world-famous 'Gallery'; but, having already encroached so largely upon the space at our disposal, it must suffice that, chiefly because he is the new Lord Mayor, our hero was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him November 12th, 1892."—*Debrett Improved.*



THE AUTHOR RESCUED.

"Don't know how to finish your Christmas story for the *Weekly Frolic*? Why, murder the old duke, drug the heroine, and reduce the castle to a smouldering heap of ashes."



COVENT GARDEN PORTER.



A "SLIGHT" MISTAKE.

"Kim here, ye blithering idiot, and don't make a fule of yer education! Them ain't bones!"

"REVENGE IS SWEET."



Lib. You consent to my marrying Gus, na? Why, I thought you hated him.
Ma. So I do. That is why I want to be his mother-in-law.



"Yes, gentlemen, I was looking out of my window at the time and this poor bricklayer was laying bricks. An hour afterwards I looked out again, and he was laying a corpse."



"Why don't you get sober, you beast!" "Wish I could."
"What would you do?" "Getsh drunksh again."

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.



"(1) 'Ha, Blackletter!' cried Professor Grubby, the distinguished antiquary and excavator, to a fellow-scientist the other day, 'you're just the man I want. Such a find! Come on.'—(2) 'There!' he exclaimed later on, as he carefully moved aside some rubbish and disclosed several rare fragments of pottery, 'look at that! Priceless specimens of the best Early Pre-Adamite-Coptic-Babylonian-Græco-Roman Period! Talk about Schliemann's Trojan discoveries! Why, they ain't in it with these! But, come, we must borrow a couple of spades and explore further without loss of time. Our wealth and fame are assured.'—(3) 'Warm work, eh?' said Grubby, when they had toiled about ten hours or so, 'Rather stirrs up one's lumbago

and rheumatism if one is not used to it. I wish we could come upon some specimens in a rather better state of preservation. I'd give a hundred pounds for a complete one.'—(4) 'A 'undred pounds!' sniggered Mrs. Haycrop, who had approached unobserved. 'Lor' bless yer! I reckon you hain't all there! I bin a watchin' on yer a-diggin' up the old broken crockery as we chuck away 'ere, so I thought as very like you'd like to buy these 'ere noo 'uns, only I shan't want a 'undred pounds for 'em. You can 'ave the set complete for ten shillings, an' a pint o' beer an' all.' But even then those men of science were not satisfied. On the contrary, they swooned in a picturesque, though dissatisfied, manner. Some people are so hard to please.

HIS OCCUPATION.



Bill Bloggs says he ain't goin' to do no work—not he. He's goin' to join the new Labour Party and become an M.P.

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



No. 37.—Olive.

UNDER FIRE.



How Major Rumbury received his severe wound at the battle of Knapton all-out. From a sketch by himself.